

# Tales & Tails: The Five Years In Between

by words-with-dragons

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Friendship, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Toothless

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-04-26 17:02:12

Updated: 2014-05-11 15:16:53

Packaged: 2016-04-26 17:30:16

Rating: K+

Chapters: 3

Words: 1,872

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: HTTYD2 takes place five years after the events of the first movie. What happened during those five years in between? A chronological collection of oneshots and drabbles spanning those five years, concerning everything from flying, girls, and snow, to mistakes and fish, but mostly the friendship between a misfit Viking and a lonely Night Fury. Complies with canon.

## 1. I:1 - Sleeping Arrangements

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/ Or the story of a how a boy and a dragon loved each other. \

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><p><em>Year: One<br>\_\_Month: One  
><em>

- Sleeping Arrangements -

\* \* \*

><p><em>This, is Berk.<em>

\_Now normally, sleeping arrangements were fairly simple. In most houses, there were three or two bedrooms. One for the parents, or parent, and the other two for children. If you had more than two - say three boys and a girl, the girl would get one to herself and the boys would share.\_

\_My house had two bedrooms. My father's and mine. I was currently sharing my bedroom, which my dad wasn't happy about. You see, while most people share a bedroom with a brother, or a sister, I was sharing mine with... My dragon.\_

\* \* \*

><p>"Hiccup, I've had enough of this!"<p>

"Dad, I've tried everything I can think of - he just won't listen!"

Stoick humphed. "Blasted beast." He glowered at Toothless, who was sitting beside his son, eyes wide with innocence. The Viking Chief snorted; as if. "Listen, it was fine when you were asleep, but he can't be in your room. That's the tenth time he's almost set the house on fire!"

"I can't help it if he roasts the floor with his fire before napping. I've told him it time and time again but it's hopeless. He's as stubborn as a Viking," Hiccup said, flailing his arms about.

Toothless seemed to glow with pride at the comment and rumbled happily.

Stoick threw his hands up angrily. If only there was something they could do... His face lit up, an idea springing into his mind. "That's it, thank Thor, I've got it!"

\*\*\*\*\*

Hiccup hobbled up the stairs to his room that night, still shaky on his prosthetic, but he could manage it pretty well. Toothless trotted behind him, but the dragon reared back in surprise as a big wooden thing was shut in his face.

He nudged it with his nose. The big wooden thing wouldn't move. "Sorry bud," Hiccup said from the other side of the door. And his boy \_did \_sound sorry, very, very sorry.

The big wooden thing wouldn't let him get to Hiccup, but he quickly realized that it was intentional. This was what Stoick had thought of. Toothless warbled pitifully and went downstairs.

He went outside and curled up outside the front steps after burning the rock beneath him to get comfortable. He didn't know how he was going to sleep without Hiccup nearby. The very notion of a nap seemed impossible right now.

The Viking boy could hear his dragon's mournful moaning through his window and it felt like an icicle was piercing his heart. It took everything he had to not immediately run and let Toothless in. He knew he couldn't though; his dad was still right. Toothless kept setting fire to the house. Not only was it time-consuming, it was dangerous. The Night Fury would get used to sleeping outside. Dragons were naturally warm, even in winter Toothless would be fine...

Another moan drifted through the window.

Despite how cold it was, even before winter, Hiccup threw off his blanket, got off his bed and went downstairs and outside as fast as he could. Toothless looked up at him and warbled excitedly. Hiccup shushed him. "If my dad finds out I'm out here I'm dead," he

whispered hurriedly. He got down and lay next to his dragon, sleep already coming for him again.

Toothless brought a wing around his rider protectively, wrapping the Viking in warmth.

When Stoick got up early to leave the house the next morning, he almost tripped over Toothless. The Night Fury lifted an eyelid to peer at him. Toothless rumbled irritably, but open his wings.

Hiccup quickly woke up, momentarily blinded by the sunlight, but soon his father's huge frame had come into focus. "Oh, hi... Dad." He laughed nervously. He sat up and got out of Toothless' claws. "Funny seeing you here."

Stoick rubbed his temple and sighed, rolling his eyes, but he didn't say anything. He continued on his way down the road, going around the dragon's body.

That evening, when Hiccup retired back to the house after a night flight with Toothless, he found a huge, thick stone slab in his room. "Wha-?"

Toothless pushed past Hiccup and wormed his way into the room. Toothless burnt the stone beneath him to warm it and settled down.

Stoick clapped a hand on his son's shoulder. "Ya should be gettin' ta bed son, it's late." Hiccup vaguely nodded and walked into his room.

Toothless was resting, but patiently waiting for Hiccup to climb into bed - safe and sound - before falling asleep. Hiccup turned back to the door, a thank you already on his lips, but his dad had already left.

Hiccup chuckled to himself and walked over to give Toothless a pat on the nose. "G'night bud." He got into bed, already feeling tired. Toothless' deep breathing was steady and soon his own breathing fell into step with it.

The Viking Chief checked up on the reptile and the boy later on in the night. Both were sleeping soundly and it was unusual to see them looking so peaceful. His lips twitched upwards at the sight. If hauling a huge rock up the stairs was all it took, he would have done this weeks ago.

In any case, it was much better than the house being set on fire.

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><p><strong>AN: A drabble/oneshot will be put up - one for each month of the five years, so... 60, more or less. I would love to hear what you thought of this. And if you're interested in more plot driven stories, feel free to check out my fics, "Dragonheart" and "\*\*\*VÇ«rÃ°r Inn VerÇ«ld SvÃ-Ã°a". \*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*Have a nice weekend! :)\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*[Also, a mini celebration for me because this being my 100th

story!]\*\*\*\*\*

## 2. I:2 - Swimming

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\* \* \*

><p><em>Year: One<br>\_\_Month: Two  
><em>

- Swimming -

\* \* \*

><p>Slowly, Hiccup eased himself in the water. Thankfully, it wasn't too cold. The sun had been shining brightly all day on Berk - a rare occasion - and its rays had even reached the Cove.<p>

The teen used his arms to keep himself afloat. He kicked to push himself away from the shore, just a little bit. He didn't get very far, since he didn't have his left leg to add power anymore. But that was the point, wasn't it - to relearn how to swim? There was water everywhere on Berk. He and Toothless flew over water all the time; what if he fell in?

He needed to be prepared.

Despite the fact he couldn't move as fast as he used to, he found swimming wasn't actually that hard. If anything, it was easier than walking. Here, his stump didn't hamper him constantly like it did when he was walking. He felt weightless.

"Come on bud!" he called to his dragon, who was sleeping by the shore. Hiccup moved a small splash towards the Night Fury. Annoyed, Toothless opened one eye to glare at him. Hiccup stuck his tongue out. "The water's great Toothless!"

Toothless opened both eyes only to roll them before closing them again, planning on resuming his nap, when water splattered over his flank. He stood up quickly, snorting angrily, glowering at the water on his scales. He whined at his boy, who simply grinned.

"Pouting big baby boo?" Hiccup teased.

Toothless' annoyance faded and he smiled mischievously to himself. Hiccup wanted to splash him? He would splash right back. He moved away from the pond - drew himself up - and then ran, jumping into the water.

The splash was massive, forcing Hiccup to wash away almost halfway through the pond. The boy was shaking with a mixture of mirth and indignance. "Real mature Toothless," he said, giggling.

He was sure his dragon was trying to mime sticking his tongue out at him, but Hiccup didn't care. Instead, he swam over and drifted by Toothless, floating on his back. "We should take swims more often

bud."

Toothless dunked his head under once more, the water simultaneously warming and cooling his scales. Yes, this was definitely worth losing his plasma blast ability a while.

They spent the rest of the afternoon there until Hiccup's fingers got wrinkly and it freaked Toothless out, not understanding why his boy was laughing hysterically at his terrified expression.

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><p><strong>Thanks for the reviewsfavourite/follows guys. Life is going to get VERY busy soon, but I'll still try to get an update out fairly soon. (Can you believe there's only 34 days left?! :D)\*\*

### 3. I:3 - Fishing

\*\*Month Three:\*\*

- Fishing â€"

\* \* \*

><p>Toothless watched the string in the water intently, waiting for a fish to bite. His rider chuckled. "I'm afraid the Viking way of fishing is a lot slower bud, you're going to have to be patient."<p>

It was one of the last good days before winter blew it with all its fury and the dragon-human duo were sitting on the empty docks of Berk. All of the ships had gone out to try to get out last good haul, especially since dragons preferred fish over everything else.

Toothless continued to peer down in the water. His bright green eyes could see much better than Hiccup could, he knew. A small fish was swimming along the shallow bottom of little pebbles and rocks. If only it would just go for the bait... How could fish enjoy worms, anyway?

Hiccup patted his side gently; he leaned into it, purring happily. When the rubbing stopped, he looked at Hiccup, confused, but then realized the Viking was reeling the fish in.

Toothless sat up on his haunches in excitement. Oh boy he was going to get to eat the fish!

Then the line snapped and the fish swam away, triumphant at getting food and alive. Hiccup let out a soft chuckle at the look of extreme disappointment on Toothless' face.

"Wanna try the dragon way after all?" he asked.

Roughly half an hour later, the two were on the rock platforms off the sea stacks. This time, no Terrible Terrors came to steal Toothless' large pile of fish. Hiccup slowly turned his own Icelandic cod over the fire the Night Fury had lit for him.

There was the sound of hacking, and a slimy fish head spilled out of the black dragon's mouth. He looked at his rider expectantly.

Hiccup chuckled "once had been enough, but he still appreciated the gesture. "I'm alright bud, you finish that up."

And the dragon did so, Hiccup laughing at the enthusiasm Toothless showed. Icelandic cod was both of their favourites, after all.

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><p><strong>AN: This is the last chapter before winter. (I'm having winter last 7 months of the year). The next chapter will tie in with Gift of the Night Fury, so you haven't see that adorable Christmas short yet - go on youtube and watch it because it's \_perfect.\_\*\*

End  
file.